The Wellesley Magazine

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

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SIX MONTHS AT DENISON HOUSE.

"WHAT do you do?" "Tell us all about your work?" These are two of the questions which a person who is actively interested in Settlements is almost sure to hear again and again. They are very natural inquiries, and yet at times they fill her with a dumb despair. It is living, not doing, that Settlements stand for primarily. A resident no more thinks of labeling and cataloguing her actions because she lives on Tyler Street than because she lives on Beacon Street. To be sure, a young woman does not do the same sort of thing always that she would do were she living on the Back Bay, but life is not so intrinsically different as it might seem. There is the intellectual side and the social. Because a woman lives in surroundings somewhat different from those in which she has been reared, she does not abandon her

spiritual or religious life, nor does she proclaim it with unusual prominence. She lives her life simply and naturally, with perhaps greater possibilities for growth than she would have under circumstances which would confine her thought and interest within narrower limits. Friendships are formed. Joys and sorrows have their day, with this difference, that she never has time to manufacture woes for herself in the face of the very real and vital troubles of other people.

Moreover, when it comes to the actual activities, each hour of each day of each member of a Settlement family is so widely divergent, that a resident feels hopeless when she tries to condense the happenings of a week or a year into a few pages or into a five-minutes' conversation.

To attempt to tell college students who are already familiar with the report of the College Settlements Association for the past year, who have recently had a talk from the Head Worker of Denison House, and who have been welcome and helpful visitors at the Boston College Settlement, is a difficult task. But the life is manifold, and no two persons' point of view is ever quite the same; so it is to be hoped that the wise ones will be indulgent, and that the uninformed may find somewhat of interest in this brief account of Denison House during the winter of 1893–94. It is already a record of the past, for the development of Settlement work is so rapid that a few months may make radical differences in any detailed description.

Doubtless it is quite generally understood that the members of a Settlement assist in the housework. At Denison House this was by no means burdensome, even in times of scarcity of residents, for "many hands make light work." Each made her bed and kept her room in order. Once in two weeks the room was given a thorough cleaning by some one who came from outside. Each resident had a light household task, such as setting or waiting on the table for a meal, or brushing down the stairs and halls. Apropos of the last accomplishment, the following line occurs in a doggerel which was sung by the residents at the birthday celebration of a not unknown professor,—

"To see her sweep the stairs, and dust and mop!!!"

This was sung to the classic tune of "The Little Chickens in the Garden."

"Door" was the appointed duty of each member of the household for one morning and one afternoon every week. This meant the answering of the doorbell, and the reception of those who came. To "have door" was often to live in a continuous drama, with ever-changing scenes. Truly, one saw and conversed with all sorts and conditions of men. From the lady who came in her carriage and inquired if the *matron* was at home, leaving the resident who greeted her somewhat in doubt as to whether she was an inmate of an insane asylum or an orphanage, to the man who asked for "the missus" and "wanted a job," the changes rung were infinite. Or, the doorkeeper might find herself confronted by a bevy of bright faces, and be accosted with a chorus of "Why, it's warm here!" "They have a fire!" Mayhap a low giggle from without would render her not unprepared for the vehemence with which the door would fly open at the turn of the handle, as Eddie and Freddie, Charlie and Willie, and probably small, pretty Josie in the van, would come rolling and tumbling the length of the hall, signaling their effectual entrance into the "the game house" by a wild whoop of delight. Quite often in the scramble a cap would come off, and be gallantly rescued by the elder brother to the familiar sound of "Where's my Eddie's hat?" But door tending was not always such a jolly affair. To meet again and again a hungry, pinched face, to hear over and over the plea for "something to eat," to devise work that the eating might follow, was not always an easy task. A fall of snow was welcomed as a benefaction. The number of times the front sidewalk was scrubbed must have been an amazement to the neighbors. Shelves were put up in every available place in the house. Each new method of work was hailed with delight, for no tickets were given to the five-cent restaurant, soup kitchen, or lodging house without a work test. These demands belonged to a winter of special stress, it is to be hoped. A ring might mean that "himself has been a drinking ag'in, and he was that crazy I dared not stay by him with the children, and so I come here." Or, again, it might be another "himself," who was "that cut to the heart with the questions they axed him and then give him no work, at all, at all; and him no work these six weeks, and not a bit of coal, nor a drap of milk in the house for the babby." A brisk peal would usher in Tillie, who came for a friendly call and a song at her noon hour. Or, a hurried voice would leave word that Annie had "come

back." Come back! Yes, a real tale of the prodigal son, but with all the horror and misery into which the competitive system can drive a girl who loves brightness and beauty, and who can earn barely enough by long hours and starvation wages to miserably exist. It may be one of the neighbors who has "seen better days." Now, the times are very dark, for the one wage-earner of the family has tramped the streets in search of work for many weeks, and the next meal is a problem. But she brings her tenderly cherished coat, which looks little the worse for twelve years' wear, and which has been carefully brushed and mended, "for some one who needs it more," because, forsooth, she "has a shawl and doesn't need both."

Life in a Settlement is not all door tending. It is many-sided. One phase is quite peculiarly social. Any one may drop in to lunch or dinner,—a pretty society girl, a learned professor, a celebrated economist, a labor leader, or a factory inspector. Under such circumstances conversation does not halt, and is apt to be interesting in the extreme. The meal may take the form of a gay christening party, in honor of the babe for whom a resident stood godmother. Or, the quiet happiness of the little tailoress who has come from her solitary one-room life may irradiate the whole table.

There was one afternoon a week when the Settlement was "at home" to all friends, chiefly to those who did not live in the immediate neighborhood. On Thursday evening the weekly "party" occurred. Usually there was music, dramatics, or games. A resident certainly does not know her own capacities until they have been put to the test by a Thursday evening at Denison House. In spite of occasional weariness, and a few never-to-be-forgotten evenings, when there were three sets of people to entertain,—the people who came to help, the people who escorted the people who came to help, and the neighbors,—she is very much inclined to voice the sentiments of a dear old lady who, after one of these celebrations, heaved a great sigh of contentment, and said, "I haven't had such a good time these twenty years." Nor must the ten Christmas parties, the Hallowe'en and St. Valentine's festivities, be forgotten. They were most highly enjoyed.

The friendly calls which take much of the time of the residents, afford some of the most pleasant and happy hours of settlement life. They vary in character from the mysteries of a Chinese New Year's or a German

Christmas to a talk about the children over a friendly cup of tea. They may be spent beside a sick bed. Harrowing and gruesome indeed illness and death may be under many a circumstance, but especially when the simplest comforts and conveniences of sickness are lacking. And yet, the patience and heroism of the sufferer and his friends may make that sick bed a spot of rare beauty. A walk with an invalid who mentions incidentally, and as a matter of course, that if it were not for the coal dropped from the engines she would have no fire that winter, forever lends new interest to railroad tracks.

It is beyond doubt a fact that a member of a Settlement receives much more than she gives. With every turn her ideas are broadened, her interests increased. Perhaps one of the greatest educational features of the life at Denison House was a conscious effort. This was the Social Science Club, which met every other Thursday morning. Beginning with the members of Andover and Denison Houses, it came to include also a number of clergymen, students, the head of a workingmen's institute, a factory inspector, and several labor leaders. The subject under consideration during the winter was organized labor, tracing its development from mediæval guilds down to its latest phases. A paper was presented by some member, followed by a general discussion. It was sure to be animated. Many points of view were expressed, and each received an immense amount of benefit from hearing "the other side."

As the winter went on, a Federal Labor Union was formed, which was composed, for the most part, of wage-earners and professional people who were banded together "to secure among people of all classes a better understanding of the labor movement."

Other opportunities for study of the labor problem were afforded by the Garment Makers' Union, which met every other week in the Denison House parlor, and through the Central Labor Union, whose meetings a number of the residents attended. Nothing could have been finer than the way in which the more intelligent, conservative leaders succeeded in controlling the general multitude, driven nearly to desperation by months of enforced idleness, and by families in dire distress. Resource to the ballot and deprecation of violence were again and again the principles enforced. One could not but wonder at the patience and self-control of

such masses of more or less ignorant and ill-disciplined men, many of whom were foreigners, with ideas of government quite opposed to those of our American republic. Surely it was worth while for Denison House to have won the confidence of some of these leaders, and to help form the bridge where both sides could meet on a common footing, and come to a better understanding of each other.*

Of quite another character, but no less educational, were the efforts along University Extension lines. A bachelor of arts felt that she had not improved her opportunities, when she saw the avidity with which girls who worked ten hours a day could seize a chance to study Ruskin, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, or Homer. Some of them showed a keenness of insight in literary interpretation and criticism which many a college student might envy. An enthusiastic class in History of Art, with eager visits to the Art Museum, proved a capacity for beauty which those who are sometimes satiated with greater privileges can scarcely understand.

For those who have a love for child life, the Settlement affords a large field for gratification. Saturday afternoon the house held, in two installments, all the small folk it well could. They overflowed into Wednesday and Thursday afternoons after school, while on Tuesday afternoon the door was besieged by a small army for "books" and "bank." The House was a station of the Penny Stamp Savings Society, through whose agency the children exchanged their pennies for bright-colored stamps until the time when they wished to expend their savings. One faithful boy attained unto a suit of new clothes, a hat, necktie, and boots, and appeared resplendent on the Hebrew Easter to show himself in all his glory. The lending library increased greatly during the winter through the kindness of many friends, and the number of children who came for books more than doubled.

In a time of financial distress such as that of last winter, much of the energy of the household was expended in relief work. As has been stated, each day ingenuity was fully taxed to provide work for the many applicants who asked for a meal or a lodging. The greatest effort was a plan which was started quite simply for a few personal friends, tailoresses who were out of employment. It grew into the employment of one hundred and fifty

* Further elaboration of these phases of Denison House may be found in the Fifth Annual Report of the College Settlements Association.

women a week in shifts of three days each. The rooms for this were given rent free. The wages of seventy-five cents a day were paid by the Citizens' Relief Committee. Great care was taken to dispose of the garments in such a way as not to interfere with the regular market. Such an experiment was rendered possible for Denison House by the untiring efforts of two of the residents of the preceding year, who thus left the members of Denison House for the most part free to pursue their regular life. As the Head Worker of the Boston Settlement has said in her last report: "To give work-relief or any form of material aid is not the highest function of a Settlement, nor, in ordinary times, a part of its function;" but "We felt this enterprise to be a true part of Settlement Work, since it was the form of friendliness most needed last winter by our neighbors." *

Such is a suggestion of some of the activities of life at Denison House during the winter of '93–'94. By request, this article has tried to deal with facts, not theories; with particulars, not generalizations.

With no desire or intention of closing after the manner of an advertisement for a patent medicine, the writer would state a few facts in answer to a very frequent question. The question is, "What can I do for the Settlements?" The facts are these: You can become a member of the Undergraduate or Alumnæ Chapters of the College Settlements' Association by the payment of $1 yearly, or of the General Association by $5 per annum. There is always an opportunity to lend a hand, and consultation with the Head Worker will reveal many ways. To the Undergraduate Chapter at Wellesley it seems hardly necessary to state these facts, for they have found so many ways both last winter and this, but—"The more, the better."

CAROLINE L. WILLIAMSON, '89.

* A full account of this Work-Relief with elaborate and varied analyses and tables has been published separately, and may be had on application to the Secretary of the College Settlements' Association, for ten cents.

SERENADE OF THE FROST KING.

I have come from realms of the North,
On the swift, chill wings of night,
In the wake of silver moon
And the stars with crystal light.
I have come from realms of the North,
With a heart which is pure and free,
And upon thy window pane
I will breathe my love for thee.

In a web of finest lace,
With a mystic, skillful hand,
I will weave a vision bright—
'Tis a gleam of fairyland!
In a forest sparkling white
'Neath the spell of ice-bound leaves,
I await the dawn of day,
While for thee my spirit grieves.

Thou art fair and passing fair,
Thou art pure as falling snow;
There's a song of thee in the air—
'Tis the night wind whispering low.
By the light of yon pale moon,
By the sob of distant sea,
By the hush of breaking morn,
I will pledge my love to thee.

But the still, sweet night has fled;
There is gold across the snow;
Look! the sun comes up from the east,
Thou canst see my heart's deep glow!
But I cannot bear thy gaze;
'Tis in vain thou bidst me stay.
It is death to linger long;
At thy breath I fade away!

JOSEPHINE H. BATCHELDER, '96.

OUR WINTER BIRDS.

WHILE most of the summer birds migrate southwards before the first of November, a faithful few remain to brave the storms of our long winter, and cheer us by their courage. The list is not long, but it is a roll of honor.

Even the crow, with his harsh voice, could hardly be spared from our winter landscape. We should miss his black figure, sleek and solemn, walking sedately along the open field, or showing his silhouette against the white snow or the blue sky.

The blue jay, no doubt, thinks he should have been mentioned first, because of his fine plumage, and his shrill voice and the snap and decision of his manner. He knows where the squirrel keeps his nuts, and I have caught him helping himself. Moreover, in a certain hollow tree he has a little hoard of his own, as perhaps the squirrel knows. Nothing daunts him. Watch him crack a nut if you would see the very embodiment of concentrated energy. He is certainly handsome, and probably knows it. His colors, grey, light blue, black and white, though modest, are so combined as to be conspicuous. His saucy crest seems to be held in place by a band of black velvet ribbon passing under his chin. His voice is sharp and clear, and rings with no uncertain sound on a bright, frosty morning,—a true note of winter.

The severer winter of the North sometimes drives down to us flocks of pine grosbeaks,—large, strong-looking birds with stout beaks. The male in full plumage resembles the purple finch or linnet, but is much more rare than the plainer grey female or immature male. They make great onslaught on the buds of pines and spruces, but never mind; a bird must live, and a pine bud with its rank, resinous gum is good strong diet to keep out the cold. The food-question must become a serious one when a heavy snow is on the ground, and especially so when the trees are encased in ice; for the winter birds depend largely upon what they can get from the trees, especially the cone-bearing trees. The woodpeckers, nuthatches, and brown creepers spend their whole time on the bark of the trees, running up and down and spirally around, picking industriously for eggs or grubs which must be in a sort of cold storage.

Our most common woodpecker is the downy,—a trim, dapper little black and white bird, the male having the characteristic red band on the nape of his neck which marks him as a member of the "red-headed family."

The nuthatch has a dainty coloring, ashy blue above and almost white below, with a black crown. He is very active, and has a quaint little note which sounds like "quank, quank," and then runs off into a muffled laugh.

The brown creeper is still smaller than the nuthatch, and is almost invisible from the fact that he is about the color of everything, or of nothing, and generally contrives to keep on the other side of the tree trunk from the observer. His only note is like the "zree" of an insect.

Still smaller than the creeper is the tiny, golden-crowned kinglet. A little king, only four inches long, but every inch a hero. They feed in our evergreens in small flocks, and are easily distinguishable from the more common chickadees by their smaller size and by two white bars on each wing. In fact their whole color-scheme is different, being olivaceous above, yellowish white below, and in the case of males of perfect plumage having a bright yellow crown, deepening to orange or flame-color in the middle. Their note is only a faint "tzip."

Our sweet-voiced friends the goldfinches appear now in sober garb, instead of their summer dress of bright lemon yellow with black velvet cap. But it is only a thin disguise, after all, for they fly in the same pretty wavy line, weaving festoons in the air, and repeat their one word with variations, "sweet, sweetie, too-sweet."

There are several birds popularly known as "snowbirds." The most common one with us is known to science as *Junco hiemalis*, called the black snowbird, although he is not black, but a dark, slaty grey with an ivory-white bill, which shows prominently against the dark color of his head. Underneath, or at least below the breast, he is white, and at either side of his tail wears two white feathers, of which he seems to be extremely proud. In fact, most birds which possess this mark seem fond of displaying it by sundry flirts and swift, fan-like spreading and closing of the tail feathers.

Some cold night you may hear a soft, reverberating sound like a distant or muffled bell. Who ever said that an owl had a pleasing note? Probably it is distance lends enchantment to it now. But it is weird, and somehow thrills the sense. It seemed especially appropriate as I lay and listened to it in Athens at night,—Athena's own bird up on the Acropolis. The modern Greeks have a very pretty name for it, which sounds like "cuckoo-vah-ya."

But of all these stout hearts in feathered breasts, the stoutest and the cheeriest is the chickadee, or black-capped titmouse, "Tomtit." His hearty note pierces the cold air like a ray of sunshine. Homer says that when Athena wished to prepare Menelaus to meet Hector in hand-to-hand fight,

she gave him the courage of a fly. Perhaps Homer never knew a chickadee. He is a tiny atom of a bird, a living demonstration of perpetual motion. His color is grey, lighter and darker, with a black cap and a little fluff of yellowish down under each wing. He is full of sprightly antics, and there is nothing which he will not attempt. He will light on the vertical trunk of a tree like a woodpecker, and with a little assistance from his wings really make some progress up and around the trunk. Then he darts into the air like a flycatcher, and comes back and clings in a perfectly impossible attitude to a pine cone, from which he picks out the seeds and sends half of them flying. Then he drops down and takes a cold plunge in the snow, dipping in his head, fluttering his wings, and throwing off the snow like spray. At least one of our poets appreciated this dauntless little hero and felt him to be a kindred spirit. It was Emerson, the gentle philosopher. His whole poem on the titmouse is wonderfully true to nature and to bird character. He says he was "wading in the snow-choked wood"

"When piped a tiny voice hard by,
Gay and polite, a cheerful cry,
'Chic-chica-dee-dee!' saucy note
Out of sound heart and merry throat,
As if it said, 'Good day, good sir!
Fine afternoon, old passenger!
Happy to meet you in these places
Where January brings few faces.'

This poet, though he lived apart,
Moved by his hospitable heart,
Sped, when I passed his sylvan fort,
To do the honors of his court,
As fits a feathered lord of land;
Flies near, with soft wing grazed my hand,
Hopped on the bough, then, darting low,
Prints his small impress on the snow,
Shows feats of his gymnastic play,
Head downward, clinging to the spray.

Here was this atom in full breath
Hurling defiance at vast death;
This scrap of valor, just for play,
Fronts the north wind in waistcoat gray,
As if to shame my weak behavior;
I greeted loud my little saviour:

'Thou pet! what dost thou here, and what for?
In these woods, thy small Labrador,
At this pinch, wee San Salvador!
What fire burns in that little breast,
So frolic, stout, and self-possessed?
Henceforth I wear no stripe but thine;
Ashes and jet all hues outshine.'"

As I write, the sky is grey and cold, and the snow is falling fast. It is a day for a book and a corner, or for day dreams before an open fire. But no! there is the sharp, clear call of a blue jay, or rather all his various calls, one after another; a moment later and he darts past my window like a feathered arrow. Something within me responds to his summons. "Consider the winged creatures of the heavens."

ANGIE CLARA CHAPIN.

A STORY FROM EGYPT.

THE spring of '92 I spent in Egypt, drifting down the Nile and giving myself up to the restful, lazy atmosphere of that fascinating country. Somewhat of an ethnologist, interested in Müller's theory of the origin of myths, and, more than all, caught by that network of intricate priest lore known as the Egyptian religion, I was on the search for tales and traditions in which its peculiar features were embodied.

While at Cairo I met a certain street peddler of scarfs from Damascus, Ra by name. He was a former servant of the temple, and had collected a score of old tales from the papyrus and the traditions of the priests. He was a famous story-teller, and I an eager listener; and so, for a bit of silver, he came every day with some new romance, or history, or myth. Apart from the help they gave me in my study, the stories were for the most part interesting in themselves. Such is the one I give below. As I write, there comes back to me the witchery of that June evening when up on the flat house top Ra told me his story. Nowhere else are skies so blue, or stars so piercingly bright, as in Egypt; nowhere else does the night bring to the soul such a subtle recognition of its own existence as in that land of mysteries, whose priestcraft can shut out only by day the doctrine of immortality. The picture of Ra pouring forth his story with passionate, fiery gestures,

his face changing with every mood, from grave to sad, from sad to defiant, and the sound of his quaint Egyptian phrases, which no translator dares imitate, comes back to me with perfect clearness when the story itself has long been dim. Put yourself on that house top, beneath that sky; feel you are in Egypt, and listen while I translate into English the story Ra told me of the East.

Before I begin I must quote a bit of tradition which should precede. "Centuries ago, when only the beginnings of the Egyptian race were in existence, two tribes descended from twin brothers, vowed eternal enmity to each other. They separated; one for a wild life in the desert, the other for the city villas by the plains. The law was made that among the Amites—for such was the name of the desert tribe—he who should wed a Korite should die by the torments of Sisu. And the desert and the law separated the two like an ocean without ships." My story begins:—

The king was holding his court in the hall of Athor. Massive pillars of red granite upheld a tiled roof cut with texts from the "Book of the Dead," and opening in the center to the sky. The smaller pillars were so arranged as to convey the idea of infinite space; the light from the center, which quivered in tremulous jets of rose and amber flames, finally lost itself in the surrounding gloom. A long avenue of criosphinxes, facing each other, led up to a marble dais, upon which was the throne of the king. On the outskirts of the hall were gathered groups of priests, warriors, and nobles, talking in subdued tones as befitted the court room, though the shrugs of the shoulders and the excited gestures of the hands belied the quietness of their voices.

For two weeks the city had been at the mercy of its ancient foes, the Amites. The water source among the hills, which for centuries had been undiscovered, was in their hands, while the city itself, with reservoirs exhausted and the brackish water of the river for its last hope, was enduring the horrors of a water famine. A rumor had started in the city that somewhere within the walls was an Amite woman, the wife of a Korite noble, and it was for her, that daring maid of the desert, that the mighty army waited at the water course among the hills. Men whispered the story in awe. If it were true, what horrors, what tortures awaited her! But the water sank lower in the reservoirs, and men forgot their pity; for who could think of an Amite woman

—a stranger and a foe—when his children were dying at his doorway and his wife was going mad? The worst of a city's life, which lay a seething mass of corruption within the darkest part of its walls, burst out into the broad daylight; at first it haunted the market place, but afterwards turned its loathsome way toward the gardens of the king. There, lit up by the red glare of burning roofs, the mass surged and swayed in awful patience, while their swollen tongues scarce could frame the cry that day and night floated up over the city walls,—"Bring us your wife, O Korite!" So the king had called his court; priest, noble, and warrior must declare their innocence. After that there must be war. After war? Death! for the Korites were as one to three to the host of the desert that waited in silence by the water course.

Before the dais was a tripod carved with heads of lions, and on it flickered a blue flame. As the court, one by one, dropped the tiny grains of white powder on the flame and took the oath of Pthah that he was innocent, the priest made answer, "May thy soul perish as this dust if thou liest!" and the court replied, "Pthah so will it!" That day one soul lost immortality.

The court was hurriedly dismissed. Still up over the city floated the wild, ferocious yells of the city's mob, "Bring us your wife!" To Bar, the Korite, the words came rushing back with a bitter force, and the sickening despair of the long two weeks, that had been crushed down a moment before, returned with added sharpness. How long had it been since, lost on the desert amid the blinding sand storms of the North, he had wandered into the very midst of Amite tents? How long had it been since he had wooed and won a girl who fled in terror from the vengeance of her tribe? Where had he been in the countless ages intervening? What had he been? He stood half dazed in the courtyard, till a tile from a burning roof cut him on the face and awoke him with a start. The hoarse voices of the mob brought her danger swiftly before him. Plans for escape came with clear-cut sharpness. They must go that very night. Beyond the city's walls, up the desert, and away to the west of the inland sea, were freer lands where they could live,—they two, safe from broken vows and a city's revenge. His face by this time was like a mask; it hid something, one knew not what, and he talked to himself in the low, dull voice one hears from the old. At

the door of his garden the servant met him with a hurried greeting, "She knows!"

"Where is she?" he asked.

"Within."

He pushed aside the long curtains of purple and white linen, and stepped upon the cool marble of the inner chamber. He remembered afterwards, with the grimness of mockery, that the cut figures on the wall were those of Isis and Osiris, and that a lamp was burning before the statue of Horus. In the middle of the room stood his wife. Her great eyes burned like a desert tiger's,—all yellow with black rims; and her breath came and went in long-drawn gasps that startled the grimness of his face.

"Listen! They say,—no, Amrah says that the city dies from thirst because of me! And I—I—how can I bear the blame of the children that die, and of their mothers that curse me? I will go back!"

This he had not dreamed of. It worked like the lash of the overseer on the drowsy slave. He seized her wrist with cruel tightness and bore down on her with the strength of his soul.

"You shall not! You shall not! You are coming with me, away from this cursed spot. Let them suffer; we have each other. And you,—do you forget that you love me,—that I love you? You have forgotten—or is it nothing to you?"

He spoke savagely, tempestuously, carried away by the thought of her danger.

The yellow faded out of her eyes; they were now of a deep brown, like the eyes of the maiden he had wooed under desert skies three months before.

"Love you! Can a woman forget? For every thought of yours I could give you double. Love you? See, I could kiss your very feet; and you ask me if I forget!"

(I know not what else she said; a long break in the papyrus intervenes. But this Ra told me: after that, the howling mob went back to its quiet quarters, and the warrior to his mistress, and the sword to the wall; for the woman had returned to her kindred and the man to his fate.)

Elva Hulburd Young, '96.

BY THE ROADSIDE.

Shy violets among the tangled grass;
Red robin, to thine own mate blithely singing,
Among the elm-tree boughs so gayly swinging;
My love, my true love, down this way will pass.

How shall you know her? By her sunny hair,
Her grave, sweet eyes, all pure, no evil knowing:
Oh, robin! thou wilt turn to watch her going;
There is no maid in all the land so fair.

Shy violets among the tangled grass,
Shed forth your richest perfumes 'neath her feet;
And gallant robin, when thou seest her pass,
Trill out thy merriest lay her ears to greet;
And elm-tree branches, drooping low above her,
Whisper to her that I came by and love her.

LOUISE R. LOOMIS, '97.

THE EMPHASIS OF PSYCHOLOGY IN THE WRITINGS OF PAUL BOURGET.

PERHAPS the only psychic process which follows in our minds the hearing of the name of Paul Bourget, is the awakening of a train of associations with a certain chapter in "Outre Mer" treating of "that woman's college, which rises at the edge of the little Lake Waban, at Wellesley, near Boston," and of its inhabitants, who, strange to say, "have nothing monastic about them," who go to Boston unattended, and who every Saturday night give a ball in the gymnasium, "to which they invite their friends from Boston and Cambridge." Fortunately, however, Paul Bourget has more worthy claims to our consideration than his comments on "this singular institution," and it is very possible that our understanding of him may be further from right than was his estimate of us.

Bourget himself, in enumerating the great tendencies of the present ("Portraits d'Hommes," p. 149), mentions the spirit of analysis; and all students of the age in which we live recognize in both science and art this spirit which would search all things to the utmost, would find the hidden cause of every apparent effect. In literature, this explanatory passion has expressed itself in the attempt to dissect the human soul, to measure and weigh the events of the psychic life; and in the realm of French fiction—and,

therefore, of all contemporaneous prose fiction—Paul Bourget stands pre-eminent in "the minute analysis of the workings of many individual minds." Bourget's is not the distinction of having introduced the psychological element into literature; Balzac did that fifty years ago. Bourget is not even the originator of his theory, which he found in Taine's "De l'Intelligence." Other men have had the same thought. Our own Browning has in a very different field shown that, before Paul Bourget ever saw the light, he had fundamentally the same theory of interpreting human life as that of the French novelist. But Bourget was the first to embody the theory in prose fiction. He has set forth and defended his method in critical essays; but his great success has been in the practical application of the idea in novel, story, and sketch. His work has been received with the utmost favor; many of his books have reached their fortieth thousand, and the number of his admirers and imitators increases daily.

A comprehension of Bourget's method may be, perhaps, best attained by contrasting his work with that of the writers of the school which preceded him,—the school of Flaubert and the Goncourts, one of whose most brilliant representatives was Guy de Maupassant. Their effort is to explain the effect of environment upon the individual. Therefore their chief stress is on the external. It is as if in their eyes every character were originally a lump of the common clay, which circumstance rounds here, flattens there, cuts and shapes into an individual life. Men are, then, distinguished from one another by the various environments of their existences. To Bourget, on the other hand, the great force in life is not the external, but the individual character. It is the mind of man which shapes his life, rising superior to environment. According to his view individuals are born not made, although they may be modified by circumstance. Since he concerns himself only with the minds of men, the external is nothing to him, excepting so far as it is an expression of the spiritual. He emphasizes physique, heredity, and race characteristics as important factors in the psychic composition.

The difference in the art and philosophy of the two may be most clearly seen by turning to concrete examples. I have chosen "Moonlight," by Maupassant, and "A Saint," by Bourget, not because they best represent the work of their respective authors, but because translation has made them both familiar even to those who do not read French.

From the very title of Maupassant's story we see that it is the moonlight, the external thing, which is to play the chief part in the drama. Let me recall the outline of the story, quoting a sentence here and there.

The Abbé Marignan was "a tall, thin priest, very fanatical, of an ecstatic but upright soul." "He thought that he understood God thoroughly; that he penetrated His designs, His wishes, His intentions." "Only he did hate women; he hated them unconscionably, and he despised them by instinct." "He had indulgence only for nuns, rendered harmless by their vow." "He had a niece who lived with her mother in a little house near by. He was bent on making her a sister of charity." The Abbé, naturally, "experienced a dreadful emotion" when informed by his housekeeper that his niece had a lover. After passing the evening in great tumult of mind, and breaking a chair back in his fierce wrath, the Abbé went out to cool off in "the serene beauty of the palefaced night." Then follows a wonderful description of how "the perfumed soul of the honeysuckle in the warm, clear night;" "the short note of the frogs;" "the light and vibrant melody of the nightingales;" the silvery mist along the winding river bank; "the caressing radiance of the moonlight over all,"—ravished his senses, filled his soul with emotion. "And a doubt, a vague uneasiness, seized on him." "Why had God done this?" "For whom was intended this sublime spectacle, this flood of poetry poured from heaven to earth?" "But now, see, down there along the edge of the field appeared two shadows walking side by side." "They seemed, these two, like one being, the being for whom was destined this calm and silent night." "And he said to himself, 'God perhaps has made such nights as this to clothe with the ideal the loves of men.'" "For all that, it was really his niece; but now he asked himself if he had not been about to disobey God. And he fled in amaze, almost ashamed."

Environment has conquered principle and prejudice.

The outlining of "A Saint" is a much more difficult matter. The actual incident occupies only ten of the eighty-nine pages ("Portraits d'Hommes"); the rest is all explanatory: Two French travelers visit a suppressed Italian monastery in a remote mountain district, whose custodian is an old monk, Dom Griffi. The younger of the two travelers, Philip Dubois, and the monk, are the center of interest; but there are a number

of minor studies, and every one of these presents to us no mere figurehead, but a personality, an individual. During the long carriage ride up to the monastery, Philip Dubois reveals his history and ambitions to his companion in the excursion. He is a young archæologist and would-be author; and a most odious type of egotism. His unbounded faith in his own literary talent is only equaled by his bitter envy of his successful rivals. He reproaches his family and the world in general for not providing him with the necessary wealth with which to begin his career. He is, as a matter of course, an irreverent skeptic toward all that is beautiful and sacred. His experiences as a man are all made use of by him as an author. After relating, with an air of legitimate pride, his latest intrigue with an Italian actress, he says: "You will understand that I did not let those emotions go to waste; I have almost finished a little volume of verse which I will show you." And so he goes on, disgusting the older man by the revelation of "a soul without love, and an ambition which sought pre-eminently in a literary career the brutal satisfaction of fame and money." (Portraits d'Hommes, page 27.) Upon arriving at the monastery the travelers are received by an old monk, whose ludicrous appearance calls forth an insulting comment from the arrogant young Frenchman. It is Dom Griffi, who entertains his guests with the hospitality and cultured tact of a courtier; who seasons the frugal dinner with quotations from Horace and Dante; who listens with the innocence of the pure in heart to the scoffing remarks of Philip; who exhibits his newly discovered frescoes with the enthusiasm of an artist, and tells their legends with the simple faith of a little child; who allows himself but four hours' sleep, that he may have time to copy sermons for his old teacher, to study the Fathers, to oversee, counsel, administer to the body, mind, and soul of his peasants, and, above all, care for the monastery. His whole heart is wrapped up in the institution in which he has spent forty years of his life. It is Dom Griffi's dream to preserve the monastery in perfect condition until the banished Brothers shall be permitted to return and take possession of their own. He has long prayed and labored for sufficient money to rebuild a crumbling terrace where the sick Brothers used to sit in the sunshine; and when his guests inform him that some old medals in his possession are worth thousands of francs, his joy and his gratitude to God and to the travelers know no bounds. When they retire to their room, Philip breaks out in a

tirade against Fate, which has denied his talent a few thousand francs—"and here this imbecile in a cassock is going to have perhaps six thousand francs! And what will he use them for? To rebuild a terrace for some monks who will never see it again."

With sunrise the next day Philip is up and off for a tramp through the fields. To fill an idle hour, the elder traveler asks to look over the medals once more. He discovers that the two most valuable ones are missing. No one else but Philip knows of their existence; he has unquestionably stolen the medals. The older Frenchman hastens to inform Dom Griffi of the loss. And what does the monk do in his disappointment? He exacts a promise never to mention the occurrence to Philip. When the young man returns in an evident state of guilty unrest, he entertains him with cheerful kindness. And just before the time for departure he gives Philip an opportunity to absolve his conscience from theft by leaving him alone with the case of medals, after requesting him to take two or three as a mark of gratitude from "the old monk who prayed for you this morning." The generous impulses of youth are not utterly smothered in Philip Dubois: he rushes to the cell of the old man; confesses his crime; and in the look he casts upon the simple monk as they drive away, the narrator sees "the dawn of a new soul."

The whole moral drama is represented with such minuteness of detail, that one must read every word to fully appreciate the delicacy and force of the treatment. But we can see Bourget's method. He concerns himself only with the character and development of the mind, of which conduct is the natural outgrowth. We know beforehand that Philip will steal those medals, and that Dom Griffi will forgive him, like the saint that he is, because we know what is the nature of each. In comparison with this, the method of Bourget's predecessors can scarcely be called psychological at all; theirs is the study of circumstances powerful in their effects upon the minds of men, while his is the study of those minds themselves.

Bourget never tires of analyzing character. In his "Portraits of Women" (p. 327) he gives us a picture of himself on the hunt: "I have wasted hours, seated at a table in a restaurant, crowded into the corner of a car, standing on the sidewalk of the street, in short, wherever the human animal shows himself, I have wasted hours in deciphering as best I could

the character and destiny of creatures known to me only by the flush in the cheek, the folding of the lips in a smile or of the eyelids in a wink, the sound of the voice, gesture, costume. Wasted? Sometimes yes, sometimes no." And in Dorsenne, the young novelist in "Cosmopolis," we feel that we have a portrait of Bourget: "Dorsenne said, with truth, he loved to comprehend, for the sake of comprehending, as the gambler loves to gamble, the miser to heap up money. He possessed this craze for ideas which makes the philosopher and the savant. But he was a philosopher, blended by a caprice of nature with an artist, and by a caprice of fortune and education with the man of the world and the traveler."

It seems as if Bourget's philosophy predominated over his art. His limitation to minute psychological analysis excludes from his work that beauty of description, that wealth of word painting which charms us in the rival school; and detracts from that rapidity of movement, and the element of surprise, which have long been considered essential in narrative. And yet, is it not a higher proof of imaginative power to reveal to us the hidden "mental and physical mechanism" which lies behind the outward acts with which most writers have contented themselves?

But, after all, does Monsieur Bourget succeed in doing this? We often hear the question, "Is it possible to reveal and analyze the workings of the mind of a character different from one's own and do it scientifically and adequately?" There is a general feeling that it is not possible. Bourget recognizes the popular prejudice by making many of his mind revelations in the form of journal, soliloquy, or confession. He also recognizes the difficulty of his task, as he hints in these eloquent words from Monsieur Legrimaudet ("Portraits d'Hommes," p. 95): "It has often seemed to me that the highest moral function of a work of art, that is a literary work, consisted in deepening in us the feeling of the mystery lying in the depths of every human being. 'The soul of another,' said Tourgénief, 'is a dark forest!' Ah! 'tis a true saying." And when we pause to consider the impenetrablity of our neighbor's inner life, we are inclined to say that these creations of Bourget's are no real men and women, but puppets animated by the mind of the showman; that it is Bourget's voice we hear, now loud, now soft; that they are his tastes and passions masquerading. It is true that we do sometimes come across a resemblance in taste or thought

between the writer and some one of his characters; but Monsieur Bourget must have a many-sided nature, if it is he behind such varied characters as Corségnes, the brute mad with jealousy, Christine Auroux, the ambitious courtesan, little Simone writing in perfect faith a letter "to Mamma in heaven" for the little Christ child to take back with him on Christmas Eve, and a hundred other characters.

But there is a way out of the difficulty. If we believe with Emerson that "There is one mind common to all individual men," that the fundamental emotions of every man are the same, can we not conceive it possible for the imagination to so combine and modify those elementary emotions as to construct within one's own mind a character different from one's own, and yet as open to introspective analysis as if it were one's own? Long observation of the expression of emotion in other men, long practice in this chemistry of one's own emotions, may make it possible to enter into understanding of a real person, or to create an imaginary person as complete and true to life as if he were real.

We may doubt this. But whatever our theories, we shall, upon making their acquaintance, be forced to admit that Bourget's men and women are quite as real to us as the enigmas who walk by our side and sit at our table. Yet, admiring his achievements, as one must, one still feels a certain lack in Bourget. Perhaps it is inevitable in a modern prose writer, a realist, a Parisian; but to Bourget, his brother man is a specimen of "the human animal," and he seems to exclude from his psychology what some of us are still old-fashioned enough to believe the most essential part of a man—the soul.

Emily Budd Shultz, '94.

LULLABY.

Breezes in the tree-tops high,
Sighing softly as you blow,
Sing a restful lullaby;
Sing the sweetest song you know,
Something slow, something low,—
Lulla-lullaby.

Barley heads and crested wheat,
Swaying gently to and fro,
Sing the music of the heat,
Sing the drowsiest song you know,
Something slow, something low,—
Lulla-lullaby.

Brooklet hidden in the grass,
Murmuring faintly as you flow,
Sing a sleep song while you pass;
Sing the dreamiest song you know,
Something slow, something low,—
Lulla-lullaby.

M. A. C.

HER VALENTINE.

"DONALD, you do write a most miserable hand!" remarked Judge Dennison, impatiently, as he watched his son address a small package, the general appearance of which suggested the fourteenth of February. "Now, I should call this number 736, not 120, and Miss Caroline Hazleton might as well be a Miss Hutchins, so far as that scrawl could testify. Your correspondents need a long term of apprenticeship in the Dead Letter Office."

The lad laughed merrily as he executed a final and very inky flourish. "Why, father," he said, "what can you expect of a fellow after four years' grind on note-taking and examinations? Besides, this is really more elaborately execrable than usual, because she mustn't guess who sent this,—else what would St. Valentine say?"

The Judge shrugged his shoulders unconvinced, and departed with the object of his scorn, resolving, when safely out of sight, to alter the superscription into a proper degree of respectability; but an absorbing and heated discussion of the Chinese situation so completely turned his thoughts that he dropped it into a letter box without any further action.

The postman on the route of Hawthorne Street always appreciated the approach of February the fourteenth, and took a mild and friendly interest in the distribution of all mail that seemed suggestive of the day. On this particular afternoon he puzzled not a little over Donald Dennison's illegible address. "736 Hawthorne Street," he remarked to himself; "Miss Caroline Hutcheson it must be of a certain! Who'd ha' thought it? She that seldom

gets so much as a letter, poor soul;" and after an unusually vigorous pull at the frail old doorbell, he delivered the mysterious package with great ceremony to the bewildered maiden lady who answered the summons. "Must be for you, ma'am," he said, "'736 Hawthorne Street;'" and before she could collect her senses he was half way down the rickety steps making up for lost time.

Miss Caroline Hutcheson closed the creaking door, and sat down all of a tremble. She carefully wiped her spectacles and scrutinized the curious marks. The postman must be right, but from whom could it be? All who ever cared for her had been dead these many years. The bare room, with its shabby rag carpet and pathetic attempts at ornament, faded slowly away, and she stood once again in the dear home circle, with a New Hampshire farm spreading all around and green hills looming up in the distance. She heard loved voices long silent; a thousand recollections surged in upon her heart till it almost broke with their power.

At last, rousing herself, she carefully opened the package and gazed delightedly at the dainty trifle within. Twice over she read the couplet borne by two chubby cupids,—

"Accept, dear, I earnestly pray,
My love on St. Valentine's day."

She sat quietly for a long, long time, the gift in her hand, but her eyes far away. The hard lines around her lips softened; the withered cheeks flushed faintly; the setting sun touched the thin white hair with a tender radiance. Suddenly, rising mechanically, she took from a drawer in the old pine table a pasteboard box. In this she gently laid away the new possession side by side with a locket and several letters yellowed by age. Over her treasures she bent for a moment, and there were salt drops on the little table when the drawer was shut.

In the next moment Miss Caroline Hutcheson had taken from her shelf a soup bone, intended for the morrow's meals; she hurried out to the lean, unlovely cur that inhabited the tenement's back yard. "There!" she said emphatically, as she presented the bone to his snarling teeth, "you didn't expect a valentine,—and no more did I!"

Alice Welch Kellogg.

THAT PIG.

"THE saints defend me!" growled Pierre le Grave, ruminating, with pipe between his teeth, before the door of a cottage unpainted and unthatched. Heavy and stolid was his face, with its watery, deep-set eyes and bulging forehead. Fiercely it glowered as with a clench of the teeth which broke his clay pipe he reiterated, "The saints defend me, if I don't buy that pig!" Relieved by this outburst he picked up the broken pieces of clay, pocketed them, and, with cap pulled low over his forehead, shuffled down the road.

The poplars on each side of the path shimmered dejectedly in the heat of a high June sun. The level stretch of sand gleamed hot and hard beneath the feet of the peasant, who trod there with a determined air.

Mère le Grave, leaving her work in the carrot patch, shaded her eyes and watched her husband walk away. The sight filled her with a sense of weariness and of despair. She knew not why the dejected trees, the intense blaze of the sun, the long, monotonous road, with Pierre trudging along, obstinate and sullen, seemed a picture of her life, as it had always been, as it would always be. Instinctively she returned to work. Around her the crisp, green leaves, with their golden roots, were heaped high, but she saw them not. She saw only a long, hard path, upon which walked a man, with scowling face and dogged eye.

She was working there in the dim glow of the evening, when Pierre le Grave returned, dragging by a rope a pig, which waddled unwillingly along, and grunted with alarm at each pull of its halter. Mère le Grave glanced up and saw the newcomer. Her dull hair and duller eye seemed suddenly afire from the anger which had long smouldered within her. With arms tightly clasped she hissed, "You—you've used the money I saved for the thatch." She slowly turned around, entered the cottage, and vengefully poked the coals of peat in the hearth.

Her money—the money for which she had patiently worked, for which she had often gone hungry—was wasted on that great, useless beast. She could see the stains of rain which had oozed through the scanty thatch and trickled down the wall. She shuddered as she thought of the winter,

of the dampness and the cold, which she must bear. Suddenly she heard a grunt at her side, and looking around saw the pig standing there, with a look of pain in its small eyes, with an ugly scar on its side. "At it so soon!" she muttered. "No; you are mine; you were bought with my francs, and shall at least be decently treated." Then, stretching out her hand, she timidly stroked the rough hair of her ungainly companion.

From that instant she became its protector. She fenced off a corner of the small garden for its exclusive use. She daily brought it a supply of cabbage leaves; she hourly visited it to listen with delight to the snorts of content. With her fondness for the beast grew her husband's hatred of it. He protested against her extravagance; he opposed her unceasing care. Many were his contrivances for bringing pain and discomfort to his formidable rival, but the fierceness of Mère le Grave, her ominous silence and fire-darting eyes, warned him that not in this way could she be brought to her former passive submission. The only thing to be done was to make way with the pig, which had now become her idol.

Early one morning he stole from the cottage. The huge red sun, just peering above the horizon, cast a bloody light over the garden. The large knife flourished by Pierre le Grave gleamed a wicked red. All things seemed inflamed with passion, tense with excitement, save only the victim, who lay in his pen, lazily blinking his eyes. Pierre gave a final flourish to his murderous weapon, and held it poised for the fatal plunge, when before him appeared his wife. She did not speak; her look was all-sufficient. Pierre cowered, his arm slowly dropped, and hastily he slunk away.

Mère le Grave then led the slow-moving creature forth from his pen into the road, down which they walked—never to return. This time the pig willingly followed his leader; the poplars joyfully murmured of freedom, the sun warmly smiled, and the cool breeze of morning gently whispered of peace.

In after days Mère le Grave, standing in the doorway of her tidy, well-thatched cottage, would shake her fist at a man passing ragged and bent. Then she would call down blessings upon her deliverer, the pig, who rooted contentedly among the bright sunflowers by the gate.

C. W. J., '95.

WANDERER'S EVENING SONG.

(Translated from Goethe.)

I.

Thou who in the heaven art,
  Who all pain and sorrow stillest,
Him who hath the saddest heart,
  Doubly with Thy comfort fillest.

II.

I am weary with endeavor!
  To what end this wild unrest?
Lord, from me these doubts dissever,
  Dwell, oh, dwell within my breast!

EDITH MAY, '97.

MOLL.

THE girl in the brown hat saw only the beginning of it. She walked briskly down Summer Street, past row upon row of fruit trays, hurried into the New York and New England depot, and pushed the door of the ladies' room wide open. Everybody in the apartment shivered, but the girl in the brown hat did not notice. She sat down in a rocking-chair, and slanted her wet umbrella against a neighboring table. Moll glowered at her, and looked indignantly at the tracks which the girl's wet boots had made across the floor.

There was a baby on the other side of the waiting-room, and its hands were well covered with the stickiness of a very damp piece of candy. Its face was dirty, too, but that item passed unnoticed in comparison with the hands.

There were one or two working women clustered together in a corner, but Moll herself, in the center of the room, with the gaslight shining down, was the really noticeable figure. One can see her almost any time at the New York and New England depot. Her hair is so pale a yellow that it glitters almost white, and she does it at the back in a queerly shaped knot which shows how little of it there is. Moll always wears a short, black skirt, with a black knitted jacket above. Her mouth is always moving as if she were chewing gum, and usually an absolute indifference characterizes her every movement. This night she was extraordinarily irritable, and was betrayed into various signs of emotion.

The baby with the sticky hands staggered carefully on its uncertain little feet, until it stood close beside the stove. "Ugh," said it to the girl in the

brown hat. The girl smiled, and the baby, much encouraged, held out its scrap of candy. "Oh, how stieky!" said the girl in the brown hat. The girl always insists that she began it, for if she and the baby had not conversed, Moll would never have noticed the baby. You see, Moll was altogether too much engrossed with her indignation against the girl for daring to be wet. It was pouring hard out of doors; but what had that to do with it? Moll was quite as angry as if it had been fair weather.

The baby withdrew its offered morsel, and lost itself in interested contemplation of its own pink palms. Moll beckoned to it, and basely forsaking the girl in the brown hat, it swayed cheerfully across the room. Moll lifted it with a half sarcastic smile and carried it into the dressing room. She washed and dried the sticky hands and face, and parted the hair above the baby's forehead. It looked up at her all the time with two wide, deep-gray eyes. Its hair and lashes were of a deeper yellow than Moll's own. It was dressed in a very much patched woolen gown, which was not wholly hidden by its worn outer garment. The latter was of gray, and betrayed every indication of an originally poor constitution. Moll's hard, world-knowing eyes took the facts all in at a glance. Her fingers lingered caressingly in the midst of the baby's hair. "What's your name?" she whispered; but the baby only smiled at her with the same wide-open eyes. Moll led it back to the waiting room.

"Norwood, Norwood Central, and way stations. Accommodation train leaving at six twenty," called the voice at the door, and Moll never noticed as the girl in the brown hat went out. There was a pool of dark water on the floor where the wet umbrella had rested, but Moll was not in the least indignant. She was watching a sleeping child.

The people in the waiting room came and went, and the hours crept slowly onward. No one claimed the baby, and Moll began to wonder. After ten o'clock she prepared herself to leave. The waiting room was quite empty, and the passageway outside was inhabited only by a sleepy newsboy. Moll took the baby into her arms and went out; she wrapped it closely under her shawl, and carried it quietly home.

"Moll," said the woman from the package office, coming into the waiting room the next morning. Moll leaned indifferently upon her broom, and as indifferently looked up. "They say there was an odd-looking man

in here last night, asking if we had seen a lost baby. I told them I was sure I hadn't, and I didn't suppose you had, or you'd said something about it before you left the depot."

Moll shook her head in a way which might have meant anything, but which in reality meant nothing. "Pretty sort of a man to forget his own baby," said she, sarcastically.

"It wasn't his own, at all, it seems," said the woman; "it was a little one from the orphan asylum he was carrying out into the country to be brought up on a farm. Some old farmer's wife, out his way, took a fancy to having a child around; and 'twas rather a nice chance for one, I should say, from all I hear. Nice home and good care, and maybe a chance of inheriting some property or other, by and by. It's a queer world," said she, as she went out.

Moll went calmly on with her sweeping; in her heart she was not calm at all. She was suffering; she had grown very much used to that, it seemed to her. "To think I should have let myself take a fancy to that child," she meditated. "Love at first sight," she murmured, and smiled grimly at herself. She went out and asked a question or two about the man.

"He's coming back here, this evening to see if we hear anything," said the ticket agent; and Moll went back again to her work. At noon she took a little run down to her lodgings. She climbed breathlessly up the rough stairway with exactly the same look of indifference as it was her wont to wear. The baby was sitting in the middle of the floor, and Tilly McClean, who had been hired to care for her, was asleep on the rug beside her. The baby crept eagerly toward Moll as she opened the door, and it held up its hands to be taken. Moll put it in the rocking-chair, and sat down very gravely opposite it. "It would be a good thing for you," said she to the baby, in an interval between Tilly's snores. The baby looked reflectively at Moll. "It would be a heap better than ever I could do for you;" the baby looked doubtful. A little grimace passed over Moll's face, to be succeeded by a cynical smile. She was thinking of the loveless life she lived. She had always, it seemed to her, been loving and unloved. Love is so rare that it cannot be bought, and yet so cheap that it is thrown away.

Moll woke Tilly, and gave directions in regard to the baby's dinner. "Bring the baby down to me at the station, somewhere about half after four,"

she said. The baby cried when Moll went away, and Moll couldn't see any reason why. She was even more indifferent than usual that afternoon, and when the baby was brought down by Tilly she did not even smile. She had notified all the station agents to the effect that the child was found, but she offered no explanation.

When the man came to take the baby she fastened its little cloak and tied its tiny muffler with an absolutely expressionless face. The baby put its arms around her neck and cried at being pushed away. She put it quickly into the man's ulstered arms.

"Look-a-here," said the man, in an embarrassed sort of a fashion. Moll walked unheedingly away. "Here!" said he again; and Moll, still retreating, turned her face half angrily toward him. There were tears in her hard blue eyes.

For the next few weeks things went on very much as usual. The girl in the brown hat came through the waiting room quite often, and Moll wished she would stay away. Somehow, too, the girl in the brown hat never did look apologetic. Moll considered that she might, at least, be sorry; neither she nor the girl would have known for what.

It was about six weeks afterward that Moll heard again from the baby. The odd-looking man came bustling into the station. "Where's that woman?" he asked the attendant at the package office,—"the woman with the light hair." Some one hunted up Moll for him, and he told her about the baby. "I rather imagined you cared a good deal about it," he said, to Moll's surprise; "and I thought I would run in and tell you that there's a place down there for a woman to do housework in the same house with the baby. They always have help 'long toward spring, and all through the haying time." He gave Moll a name and an address, and went hurrying busily off.

Moll sat down that night after she got home and laboriously wrote a letter. Two days later she got an answer.

She goes indifferently about her work at the station, and looks exactly the same. The girl in the brown hat comes in quite as often, but Moll has finally grown to like her. She no longer sweeps the wrong corner, and covers the girl with dust. The girl for her part smiles a little, for she knows so much more than that for which Moll gives her credit. She knows that next spring there is a big joy coming for indifferent Moll; that the

New York and New England station will no longer have about it the bright hair and the weary, willing feet, but out in the glorious country air Moll will be reading the love of two wide gray eyes, and will know at last for her very own the touch of two darling hands.

LILLIAN QUINBY.

VALENTINES.

What will her blue eyes say when she sees
  My heart like a bud open toward her?
How will her lips sing the love songs that ring
  O'er the petals from border to border?

How will her hair linger low on her face,
  And brood in soft sympathy over
The grace of her brow, and the wondering eyes
  That the shadowing lashes cover?

Will her pitying heart unfold its white veil,
  When the sighs through the sad rose leaves flutter,
Ere the petals swoon in their sorrow and die
  With the odor of love they would utter?

FLORENCE ANNETTE WING, '92.

Poor Cupid froze his wings one day,
When winds were cold and skies were gray,
  And clouds with snow were laden.
A little maid was passing by;
She caught the rogue,—he could not fly,—
  Oh naughty little maiden!

She sent him off with sharpen'd dart,
To steal for her a certain heart;
  But, oh the mishap stupid!
Since Cupid's blind, and cannot see,
He went astray, and came to me.
  Oh naughty little Cupid!

So that is why my heart is gone,
And I am dreary and forlorn,
  With tears my eyes are laden.
She does not want my heart—ah no!
I did not wish to have it go;
  Oh Cupid, and oh maiden!

GERTRUDE JONES, '95.

A BOOK REVIEW.

"EDUCATION is the development of the attitude of the child toward truth." In order to teach well one must first understand something of the child, then of the various aspects of truth toward which the mind of the child naturally turns. Colonel Parker begins his **Talks on Pedagogics* with the question, "What is the child?" and presents a discussion of the organism, spontaneous activities and unlimited capacities of this miniature "sum of the world."

The child usually comes under the influence of teachers when it is about six years old, having already begun unconsciously to observe, to compare, to judge, to reason, to imagine, to create. The germ of every science and every art has begun to unfold, and is ready for the skillful teacher to bring it to flower. The essential unity of all departments of thought, and the ethical nature of all true education, make it inevitable that mental power and character building shall go hand in hand. Study of all creation—of "the starry heavens without and the moral man within"—is education, but the acquisition of formal knowledge, of isolated information, of disconnected facts, is barren, and serves rather to stultify than to develop. All study is the study of the Creator through his works,—of Divine law made manifest. There is no classification in nature: truth is not tabulated or scheduled, and one knows botany, physics, chemistry, geography, history and philosophy in proportion as one knows a house of blocks, a kitten, or "flower in the crannied wall." Every object contains, directly or by implication, material for a full university curriculum, and every child is an animated interrogation point. Shall we give the three R's in answer to his eternal "Why?" "What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?"

The child naturally reaches after truth. The function of the teacher is to present such conditions as to enable it to attain as much of truth as it can grasp, and always see more beyond. "Our reach should be beyond our

**Talks on Pedagogics: An Outline of the Theory of Concentration.* By Francis W. Parker, Principal Cook County Normal School, Chicago. Published by E. L. Kellogg & Co., New York and Chicago.

grasp, or what's a heaven for?" The question what the child shall study, is fully answered only when the limitations of the child are reached. Continue that which is begun, and continue over the shortest road to knowledge. Study the child; enable him to work out his own salvation with the least possible waste, and keep in mind the constant development of body, mind and soul.

The central subjects of study are grouped under four heads: (*a*) Geography, Geology and Mineralogy, sciences of inorganic matter; (*b*) Physics and Chemistry, the laws of movement and change of inorganic matter; (*c*) Botany, Zoölogy, Anthropology, Ethnology, and History, sciences of organic matter and life; (*d*) Physiology, the Physics and Chemistry of living organisms. All these branches are presented to the child's mind as soon as he begins to think, and he studies them instinctively through the very nature of his spontaneous activities. We direct his attention now to one, now to another of these phases of creation; but if we forget that the universe is one, as all truth is one, manifested through mind and matter by harmonious law, we bring confusion and complication in our train, instead of order, unity, and reason.

The test of teaching is character. If sharpening senses and awakening intellect are witnessed by conduct, the child is being educated. The too prevalent custom of marking advancement in education by the numbers of text-books "gone over," instead of by the development of faculty; the tendency to know what has been said about things, instead of knowing things themselves,—these are the natural results of fostering quantitative ideals. "Take care of the quality," Colonel Parker admonishes, "and the quantity will take care of itself." Quality of mental action is better than quantity of acquired information, and the greater includes the less as its logical outcome. To measure by words, pages, and days; to threaten, to scold, to punish, to control by fear; even worse, to bribe with per cents, rewards and prizes—to teach and accept lip service; is to fall below the standard educational ethics of our day, and to stand for the methods of mediæval inquisition, rather than the principles of modern scientific teaching.

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." The one thought that the mind must reach freedom through truth over the line of least resistance, is kept before the reader throughout. To find that line

of least resistance is the aim of these Talks. Careful analyses of the various modes of judgment, expression, and attention are presented, and practical suggestions as to training in the schoolroom are sketched in broad lines. Thirty years' experience as an educator, and especially the last twelve years at Normal Park, have enabled Colonel Parker to thoroughly test his principles, and to work out in practice the soundness of principles that at first sight seem "too good to be true."

The main proposition of the Theory of Concentration is in direct line with the teachings of the great Froebel, and is comprehended in the statement that all true education is inherently moral and ethical. The fundamental principle of education is the development of the altruistic motive, under which the highest and best mental action may be acquired.

The concluding chapter traces the relation between democracy and the free public school, and illustrates by historic allusions the antithesis between authority, aristocracy, and tradition on the one hand, and freedom, democracy, and reason on the other. Teaching from text-books, citing authorities, cramming the young with arbitrary "facts,"—these are methods which produce tyrants and serfs, "divine right" and diabolic wrong. To inspire the belief that each child is capable of original thought, of personal judgment, and of a share of governing power, is to teach that society can rule itself, and to nourish democracy at its roots. "Children think and kings tremble."

The study of Colonel Parker's book cannot be too highly recommended to teachers and prospective teachers. There was a time when the possibility of a science of education was in question. That day is now past. The science of sciences is evolving before our eyes, and Colonel Parker's book is one of the lights that mark its progress. All who feel the responsibilities of enlarging and perfecting our democratic ideals, especially the ideals of that embryonic democracy, the common school, will be stimulated and encouraged to better effort by "Talks on Pedagogics." Most of it is valuable to the general reader as well as to teachers and parents, for the breadth of view characterizing the work makes one see all life in education, and education in all life.

Agnes Sinclair Holbrook.

EDITORIALS.

I.

Books of travel, it is said, are fast becoming things of the past. The classes which twenty years ago constituted a reading public for literary wanderers, now seek to discover for themselves new attractions in the Old World; and, as a consequence, tales of foreign lands, unless possessing peculiar merit, go begging for purchasers.

It is rather significant, however, that the American, who supposedly knows his own country as well as he knows Europe, is willing to listen to those rapid journeyers from abroad who spend three or four weeks in hurrying through the United States, and then, if not before, are ready to formulate their opinions with regard to this young republic. As a race we are proverbially curious, so it is not strange that we "want to know" what Lord Fitznoodle or Monsieur So and So, whoever the latest comer may be, thinks of us and our institutions; but even this thirst for knowledge, to dignify the trait, hardly accounts for the serious way in which we treat caricatures of much that we should hold dear in our patriotic heart of hearts.

Usually it is true that these travelers, who are so ready with their criticisms, are clever men, whose observations are keen and well expressed. Their views have weight at home, we argue, and therefore ought to be courteously received here. So we accept with respectful humility what our friendly portrayers have to say, laughing at their well-founded jokes, and passing by overdrawn statements with little protest.

So far as we ourselves are affected this indifference is excusable; we can afford "to see oursel's as ithers see us," because all the time we know what we really are. But it is against the general acceptance of these sketches in Paris and London as absolutely true, that objections may well be raised. No visitor to our country can possibly have more than the merest surface impressions, determined largely by the people with whom he happens to associate during his stay. Moreover, the man who makes a tour of our cities only, does not see the real nation at all; for since the great mechanism of city life must of necessity be somewhat the same in every land, it is to the

interior, to the towns and rural regions, that one must look for the development of purely American characteristics.

Then, too, when these critics do give a few hours of careful study (!) to some special phase of American life, they are likely to fall into errors of judgment or influence. They exaggerate even when they pride themselves upon being fair. Take as an example of this half-unconscious exaggeration the "Outre Mer" of Monsieur Paul Bourget. Combining as he does an entertaining style with the Frenchman's gift for flattery, M. Bourget is often delightfully complimentary; his reference to "the words of wisdom which fall from the pink lips of the Wellesley girl," for instance, is certainly gallant. But the fact remains that some of the things he has written concerning us and our "College Beautiful," although pleasant, are, to say the least, original. We are scarcely able to recognize ourselves in those irresponsible beings who come and go as they please, appear at recitations in "lilac silk gowns with gold belts," and "receive their Cambridge and Boston friends in a magnificent ballroom (*i. e.*, the gymnasium) on Saturday evenings."

Still, on the whole, it must be admitted that M. Bourget has drawn an interesting if not accurate picture of our little community. Indeed, if his pen had been as considerate throughout the entire work as it was in this and certain other chapters, we might feel less inclined to complain that our cousins across the sea are to form many ideas concerning us through this attempted interpretation of America and Americans.

II.

The growing interest in public affairs has been well illustrated during the past year by the wave of municipal reform that seems to be passing over the country. This increasing interest is further embodied in the reorganized work of the "American Institute of Civics."

The object of this Institute, which was incorporated under the laws of Congress in 1886, is, "Good Government Through Good Citizenship." To further this object the Department of Popular Work was organized, and it is the latter which has recently been reorganized under the new name of Extension Department. The work of this new department is the formation

of clubs in all parts of the country. The object of these clubs, as expressed in the little pamphlet sent out by the Institute, is, "A systematic, careful study of current events, especially by an intelligent reading of the daily and weekly newspapers, with the end in view of arousing a more intelligent understanding of civic duty and a more virile patriotism."

As a means of communication among the various clubs, each week a page of "Public Opinion" will be devoted to the interests of this deserving effort, and under the title of "Civics," those who are interested in the work will find its methods and progress discussed.

III.

Midwinter may be a time of traditional gloom, when the dearth of all things seems fitly typified by the absence of life without and the burden of impending examinations within, yet it is not without its compensation.

The dismal rain and thaw of one day is seized and transformed by night, and a smiling morning hands back the athletic field a tract of smooth ice. The sight of swiftly moving forms, the sound of laughter and ringing steel, rob the season of its imagined terrors and change it into a time of festivity. All day, while the field and lake sparkle back at the sun, the invigorating sport continues, until the quiet light of early evening comes and goes, and the new moon rises to show where the day died.

With clear head and fresh courage the student resumes her task, blessing the vigorous breath of old winter, who so successfully laid the evil spirit of the times.

IV.

Each season returns with its well-known aspect, and perhaps no one more than the editor longs to wring from the unchanging features some new thought. Examinations have passed, and again we have learned that in anticipation they were far more terrible than in actual realization. On the strength of past experience why not, from this time, change the traditional character of the mid-year examinations into a season of reasonable mirth and expectation of fair results.

FREE PRESS.

I.

Nothing at Wellesley fills me with more pain and sorrow than the reckless extravagance among students in the matter of buying flowers. I realize fully how much flowers mean to us,—that they bring an element of graciousness and sweetness into our lives; that they, in part, satisfy the craving for beauty which is strong within us all. Granting this, the question still remains, how far is it right to indulge ourselves?

The point that really concerns me is the lack of responsibility in spending money. Where can we look, if not to college women, for temperance and restraint, for the ethical use of life's gifts? We all of us long sometimes to send flowers to a sick friend; we feel so impotent to do for her, or to express the sympathy within us. But in our heart of hearts we know that we shall be false to our stewardship if we make the gift. A higher altruism restrains. It is only gamblers and embezzlers who can afford always to be generous, who are willing to divert money from its legitimate ends.

I sometimes wonder whether Wellesley girls feel any responsibility at all about money, about the duty of saving in order to give to the support of worthy causes. It seems to me that if they did, they would respond more generously to the needs of their own college. Why do not the class organizations start a "flower fund," and ask every member to give fifty cents a year (saved from flowers) for the support of some bright girl in college? In other colleges the undergraduates all tax themselves to support a scholarship or two; for who can testify so well as they to the priceless value of a college education? I know one college where the students are continually giving entertainments and concerts for the library; where a girl who goes abroad for the summer never thinks of coming back without bringing a present of books for the library, just as she brings presents for her friends. It gives students in that college a just pride of ownership to pick up books in the library and see on the label within: Given by ——, Class of ——; or, Given by Students in History, Course ——. How often do students at Wellesley, in a course for which books have to be brought out from the Athenæum in Boston, at the cost of much time and trouble, club together to

buy that book, so that it shall be accessible to future generations of students in our own library? How often do they buy a duplicate copy of a book which it is absolutely impossible to get hold of when the whole class is referred to it? One need not be rich to do little things like these. The flower money will accomplish it.

II.

It has seemed to many of the students that the playing of the organ during study hour is not conducive to scholarly work. Such serious subjects as "Who wrote the Book of Hezekiah?" and "Do Animals Think?" refuse to adapt themselves well to the music. Those who are musically inclined, find themselves humming little tunes and keeping vigorous time with their feet; while those who are not musical are unappreciative enough to say that it makes them "nervous." It is a fact that the sounds, in coming down from above, lose something of their sweetness, and one often hears the deep bass rumbling tones without the middle and upper ones which make up the chords. The effect of this as it reaches the galleries—the sanctum of the junior forensic—is much like the peculiar thrill which one receives at some distance from a fire engine in full play.

It may be that a change in regard to this is impossible. The writer believes that there is no one who does not associate the organ with some of the pleasantest hours of her college life, and it is always a pleasure to know of an increased number of students in this department; but if it could be made at all practicable, many among us would be grateful if the practicing could be confined at least to the early part of the day, before the strain of library work has reached its height.

'96.

EXCHANGES.

The exchanges for this month furnish a number of articles on matters of especial interest to the undergraduate world.

"Our Athletic Independence," in the *Yale Literary Magazine* for December, is a subject of absorbing, though local, interest. The January number contains a most enjoyable essay on the "Evolution of the Bluff,"

as illustrated in college life. *The Columbia Literary Monthly* furnishes us a vivid picture of "Student Life at King's College," revealed to the generation of to-day by the "Book of Misdemeanors," in which are recorded in detail the sins of our ancestors and their punishments. The college government, as illustrated by the quaint old "black book," stands in strong contrast to that which Professor Salmon discusses in the *Vassar Miscellany*. Her article sets "College Government" before us in a scholarly manner, distinguishing the college as an institution of learning and the college as a social community. Professor Salmon recognizes that, in all educational matters, the college must be an absolute monarchy as regards the student body; but she argues that as a social community the college should be a democracy, in whose government each member of the community, whether faculty, student, or official, should have a voice.

A feature of the *Miscellany* is a summary of important books, magazine articles, and addresses written by the faculty and alumnæ of Vassar. The editors announce the publication hereafter of such a summary in every January number.

The Columbia Literary Monthly departs somewhat from the usual run of college writing, by publishing essays on musical subjects; one, in the December number, on Handel's "Messiah:" another, in the January number, on "The Development of the Art of Violin Making in Italy."

We clip the following examples of midwinter poetry:—

SNOWFLAKES.

Through the starless waste of night,
  Brooding o'er the sleeping land,
Silent falls the drifting snow,
  Scattered from an unseen hand
O'er the meadows brown and sere
And the forests lone and drear.

Thus through all the gloomy night,
  Till the morn breaks clear and fair,
Fall the white-winged flakes of snow
  Over hill and meadow bare,
With a cloak of dazzling white,
Covering nakedness and blight.

—*Brunonian.*

THE SNOWFLAKE.

The snowflake dropping gently down,
  Is free from trouble and unrest.
  No hatreds rise within its breast,
No passions urge, no sorrows drown.

My tired heart longs for such release,
  White snowflake, longs for rest from fears,
  Release from jealousies and tears—
Would that I knew thy heavenly peace.

Alas, thy peace! Thy spirit, still
  From sorrow's throes and envy's start,
  Ne'er felt the throbbing of a heart,
Nor knew of love the rapturous thrill.

No passion rises in a breast
  Of ice, by winter's grasp controlled.
  I would not have a heart so cold;
Then welcome, trouble and unrest!

—*Wesleyan Lit.*

SNOWFLAKES.

These snowflakes here, so white, so cold,
Winded away o'er the gusty wold,
These are the vows by fond hearts graven
On the azure cope of a summer's heaven
That perjured since have frozen bright;
But pure as when with passion dight
        They first were born.
Fair, faithless forms in death congealed,
To the dregs of earth they've slowly settled
        This windy winter morn.

—*Inlander.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Odes and Epodes of Horace, edited with introduction and notes by Clement Lawrence Smith. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.60.

College Requirements in English. Second Series, by Arthur Wentworth Eaton. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.20.

Scientific German Reader, by George Theodore Dippold. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.00.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The regular meeting of the Phi Sigma Society was held on January 19, in Society Hall. The following programme was given :—

The Emphasis on Psychology in the Writings of Bourget	Emily Budd Shultz.
Song	
The Treatment of the Abnormal . .	Clara von Wettburg.
Piano Solo	
Character Development in Mary E. Wilkins and Mrs. Slosson	Margaret Holley.

The regular meeting of the Zeta Alpha Society was held in Society Hall, January 12. The following programme was given : —

THE LITERATURE OF SOCIALISM.

I. Theories of Ruskin and Kingsley .	Emily H. Brown, '96.
II. A Study of William Morris .	Elizabeth G. Evans, '97.
III. The Social Tendencies in the Modern Novel	Bertha Trebein, '97.
IV. Traces of Socialism in the English Poetry of the Nineteenth Century,	Alice Welch Kellogg, '94.

On February 2 the following programme was given :—

SOCIALISM OF THE FUTURE.

I. The Relation of Municipal Reform to Socialism . . .	Cornelia Huntington, '95.
II. The Influence of Woman's Suffrage on Socialism	Catherine Collins, '94.
III. The Ideals of Socialism . .	Winifred Augsbury, '95.
IV. Discussion	

The regular programme meeting of the Classical Society was held December 19. The subject for the evening was Tacitus, and the following programme was presented:—

Life of Tacitus . . . . . Annie Leonard.
The Literary Art of Tacitus . . . . Mabel Rand.

Selections:

a (In Latin) The Death of Paetus, History . Professor Lord.
b (In translation) The Fire at Rome, Annals . Irene Kahn.

A regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held in Shakespeare Hall, Saturday evening, February 2. The following programme on Hamlet was given:—

Shakespeare News . . . . . Mary Allen.
Song.
Talk: Contrast of Gertrude and Ophelia . . Elizabeth Snyder.
Dramatic Representation. Act IV. Scene 5.
Polonius and the King . . . . . Elizabeth Adams.
Was Hamlet mad? . . . { Affirmative, Christie Brooks. / Negative, Christine Caryl.
Dramatic Representation. Act III. Scene 1.

The regular meeting of the Agora was held January 19. After the impromptu speeches on

1. The Strikes in the United States . . Gertrude Devol, '97,
2. The New President of France . . Arline Smith, '95,
3. The Terms of the Peace Proposal of Japan . . . . . Helena De Cou, '96,

the following programme was presented:—

The Water Supply and Lighting of the City, Elizabeth Ziegler, '96.
Transportation in the City . . . Miriam Hathaway, '97.
Drainage of the City . . . . Alice Howe, '95.

A regular meeting of Tau Zeta Epsilon was held Saturday evening, January 19. The subject of the evening was Berlin, and the following programme was given:—

Berlin and its Suburbs	Alberta Welch.
The University	Fannie Austin.
The Berlin Art Collection	Edith Meade.
The City Government	May Kellogg.

A talk on the Pre-Raphaelite Painters was given by Miss Jackson as an introduction to the work of the society for the coming half year.

COLLEGE BULLETIN.

Sunday, February 3.—Dr. A. E. Dunning, of Boston, preaches in Chapel.
Monday, February 4.—Lecture. Dr. John Fiske.
Saturday, February 9.—Concert. Beethoven Society.
Sunday, February 10.—Rev. F. Mason North, of New York City, preaches.
Monday, February 11.—Lecture. Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie.
Saturday, February 16.—Parliament.
Sunday, February 17.—Prof. A. R. Merriam, of Hartford, Conn.
Monday, February 18.—Pupils' Concert.
Friday, February 22.—Glee Club Concert.
Sunday, February 24.—Prof. D. G. Lyon, of Cambridge.
Monday, February 25.—Lecture. Professor Cross.

COLLEGE NOTES.

College work was resumed on January 10, after the three weeks' vacation for the holidays.

During vacation time Miss Coman lectured at Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J. This was the first of a series of lectures to be given by eminent women.

Miss May Brooks and Miss Alice Boarman did not return after vacation.

On Saturday afternoon, January 12, Prof. H. Morse Stephens, of Cornell, late of Oxford, lectured on "The Thermidorians," before Miss Coman's classes in the history of the French Revolution. Each girl was permitted to bring a guest. Professor Stephens gave a charming lecture that evening, in the Chapel, upon "Robespierre." He was entertained at Norumbega over Sunday.

The regular monthly missionary meeting of the Christian Association, was held on Sunday evening, January 13. Dr. Hagopian, of Armenia, addressed the meeting.

On Monday afternoon, January 14, the class of '95 gave a reception to the Faculty in honor of Mrs. Durant. The reception was held in the Art Building.

Miss Gertrude Cushing, '92, who spent the summer and fall abroad, will be at college for graduate work during the second semester.

The Beethoven Society held a social in the gymnasium on Monday evening, January 14.

The examinations began on January 19, closing Wednesday, January 30. Certain student members of the College have been heard to say that they really enjoyed exams. this year.

The new Chemistry building is at last completed, and will be opened at the beginning of the semester.

A vesper service in memory of President Shafer was held in the Chapel on January 20. The Beethoven Society sang.

On January 25 Miss Caroline Miles was married to Mr. William Hill, of the Chicago University. They sailed for Europe on January 30. Miss Calkins is able to take Miss Miles's classes.

Miss Susan Hawley, '94, spent Sunday, January 27, at the College.

On January 28 Mrs. Durant gave a reception at her home in Boston to the members of the Faculty, in honor of Mrs. Irvine and Miss Stratton. Miss Kelsey, Miss James, and Miss Bessie Smith, of the Class of '95, were present.

Miss Gertrude Rushmore, '97, left college on February 4. She will spend the remainder of the winter in California.

Miss Emily B. Shultz, '94, spent the week beginning January 26 with her friends at college.

ALUMNÆ NOTES.

A meeting of the Wellesley Club of New York was held at the residence of Dr. Emma Willcox, 226 West 104th Street, on Saturday, December 15. There were a goodly number present, and the meeting was one of unusual interest. An entertaining letter from the College, written for the benefit of the Club by Miss May Merrill, was read. Announcement had been made that there would be conversation on the "Trend of the Modern Novel." Most of those present, however, were pleasantly surprised to hear that instead of the formal discussion that they had anticipated, the only conditions imposed were that everyone should converse with her neighbors, whether she were acquainted with them or not, and that she should endeavor to talk with several persons before the expiration of the time allotted. Judged from the apparent enjoyment of everyone present the plan was eminently successful socially, and doubtless also intellectually, though the delightful informality that prevailed permitted many a personality and reminiscence of "lang syne" to creep in among one's literary opinions. A brief business meeting followed, at which reports were presented and accepted from the Committee on Work for the year, and the Committee on Revision of Membership Lists. Miss Martha H. McFarland was elected to fill the vacancy on the Executive Committee, caused by the resignation of Miss McLean, and Miss Marie Jadwin to fill the vacancy on the Reception Committee, made by the resignation of Miss Groff. It was resolved to hold a special meeting in January, at which some plan for the benefit of the Students' Aid Society of Wellesley College should be carried out, the details being left to the Executive Committee.

The seventh annual reunion of the Washington Wellesley Association was held on Friday afternoon, December 28, with Miss Campbell, '94, at her home, 1741 N Street, N. W. The officers elected for the next year were as follows: President, Miss Harriet J. Buehly, '85–'89; Vice President, Mrs. C. G. Lee, '77–'78; Secretary, Miss Julia M. Green, '93; Treasurer,

Miss Lewanna Wilkins, '91; Chairman of the Business Committee, Miss Isabella Campbell, '94. Later in the afternoon, when the guests had arrived, swelling the whole number to thirty-seven, a short programme was given, and then a pleasant, informal reception closed the reunion. After the welcome extended to all by the President, Mrs. Swormstedt, Miss Lulu W. Cummings, '97, gave the annals of the college year, 1894; Miss Adelaide Smith, '93, furnished some music; and Miss Margarita Spalding, '91, read Miss Bates's poem, "The College Beautiful." Then, according to the custom for several years, "Alma Mater" was sung, and the chorus was larger and more enthusiastic than usual. With regret it must be announced that again no member of the Wellesley Faculty was present. Among the guests of the Association were Miss Ellen A. Vinton, '85, Miss Marion Canfield, '94, Miss H. E. Wales, Miss Godfrey, and Miss Marion Peabody. There were three new members to sign the constitution. The Association now has forty-six members.

At the last meeting of the Cleveland Wellesley Club the following officers were elected: Lydia O. Pennington, '93, President; Harriet B. Chapman, Vice President; Faith Barkwill, Secretary; Vinnie Libby, '92, Treasurer.

Miss Louise H. R. Grieve, M.D., Sp. '83–84, left Southampton, Eng., October 28, for her mission field in Ceylon. After a pleasant voyage, in whose course she stopped at Genoa, Naples, Port Said, and Suez, she arrived at Colombo, November 25. After three days at Colombo, most of which time was spent in visiting and receiving calls of welcome from the missionaries in that district, Miss Grieve took a most picturesque journey by carriage and bullock cart for two hundred and fifty miles across the island to Chavagaccheri. After a brief visit at Chavagaccheri, where she was welcomed with speeches by the Tamil pastor and others, and songs in Tamil, composed for the occasion and sung by the girls, Dr. Grieve went on to Jaffna, to remain a while with the Scotts—Rev. Dr. Thos. Scott and his wife, Mrs. Dr. McCallom Scott, who have charge of a men's hospital, with a dispensary for women and children, under the A. B. C. F. M. Miss Grieve is the third lady doctor in the island, and is not under any board, but is independent. Her address is Jaffna, Northern Province, Ceylon.

Miss Martha H. McFarland, '88, and her sister, Miss Grace McFarland, '94, are spending the winter in New York. Their address is 137 E. 38th Street.

Elizabeth B. Huntington, formerly of '91, is in Van, Eastern Turkey, where she is about to establish a kindergarten under the American Board.

Miss Margarita Spalding, '92, is teaching in a Washington High School.

Miss Sallie Worrall, formerly of '91, has been in residence, for a short time, at the New York College Settlement.

Miss Frances Smith, formerly of '91, has returned from her California trip and has reopened her studio in New York City.

Miss Emma Squires, '91, teacher of English at the Santa Barbara high school, spent her Christmas vacation with friends at Stanford University.

Miss Josephine Emerson, '92, is teaching in Miss Bowen's private school in Providence, R. I.

Miss Florence Myrick, '92, after a perilous ocean voyage, landed in New York in December, and will open a studio in the metropolis.

The engagement is announced of Miss Anna Reed Wilkinson, '92, and Mr. Edward Harris Rathbun.

Miss Mary Stevens Ayres, '87–'92, is teaching English and Mathematics in St. Hilda's Hall, Glendale, five miles from Los Angeles, Cal. Miss Ayres spent the vacation with Miss Bertha Lebus, '91.

Miss Ella Hoghton, '93, is teaching in the Granville Seminary, Granville, Ohio.

Miss Alice Doe, formerly of '93, spent the summer in Maine, and is now at her home in Davenport, Iowa, engaged in literary and philanthropic pursuits.

Miss Marion Wharton Anderson, '94, is teaching at Dana Hall, as well as in Miss Goodnow's school, as announced by the December *Magazine*.

Miss Marion Canfield, '94, and Miss Helen Stahr, '94, spent a week of the Christmas vacation with Miss Foss and Miss Blake in Philadelphia.

Miss Bartholomew, '94, spent the first two weeks of January with relations in Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y.

Miss Helen Cowdrey, formerly of '94, has completed two years of musical study in Germany, and is teaching this winter in the South of this country.

The winter address of Miss Sarah Delia Wyckoff, '94, is Ormond, Volusia County, Florida.

The Dramatic Seminary, which is held Thursday evenings at the home of Professor Bates, was converted into a social evening on January 24, the Thursday of examination week, and all graduate students at the College were invited. After each one present had selected a flower, Mrs. Bates called the roll by flowers, and was answered by a five-minute talk on the book of the past year that had been the greatest inspiration to that particular reader. Dr. Roberts delicately announced the close of the five minutes to the enthusiastic speakers, by passing to them a dish of bonbons. Those present were Professor Bates, Professor Coman, Dr. Roberts, Miss Sherwood, Miss Wilson, formerly instructor of English Literature at Wellesley, Mrs. Bates, Miss Hall and Mr. Gamaliel Bradford, Miss Amelia Hall, '84, Miss Adams, '86, Miss Abbe, '88, Miss Conant, Miss Holley, Miss Lauderburn, '90, Miss Keller, '92, Miss Holmes, '94.

PHILADELPHIA COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

There are seven residents at the St. Mary Street Settlement, Philadelphia. In November Miss Caroline Williamson, '89, and Miss Helen Foss, '94, spent a week there. Since then Miss Foss, as one of the Coal Club Visitors, has gone every Tuesday morning to the homes of about twenty-five colored families to collect their week's savings for coal, which they thus get at wholesale prices.

Miss Harriet Blake, '94, and Miss Foss teach in the English class, which meets Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and is composed largely of Jews and Germans.

During Christmas week there were Christmas parties each afternoon and evening; some being entirely for colored and some for white people; some for adults, and some for children.

NEW YORK COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

The new year gave hopeful promise for the success of the labors of its coming months, by bringing to the Settlement four new workers. Among them Wellesley had as her representatives Miss Carol Dresser, '90, and Miss Myrtle Flagg, Special, '90-'93.

One of the attractive features of the January festivities was the annual party given by the A. O. V. Club to its friends. The girls took special delight in decking the Settlement parlors for the occasion, with their club colors—yellow and white—and their flower, the daisy. The evening was passed pleasantly in dancing, games and merry chatting, and it was generally voted "one of the very nicest parties of the winter."

On Friday, Jan. 25, the Settlement "received" its friends and patrons. During the earlier part of the afternoon the houses were open for inspection; later, talks were given relating to the work of the New York Settlement. Among the speakers were Mrs. Lowell and Mr. Richard Watson Gilder.

MARRIED.

Banes–Wrenn.—At Highland Park, Illinois, December 20, 1894, Margaret Wrenn, '91, to Mr. Robert Coleman Banes. At home after Jan. 15, 1911 Mt. Vernon St., Philadelphia.

Field–Baker.—On Thursday, January 10, Blanche Bigelow Baker, '92, to Mr. George Thornton Field.

Hill–Miles.—On Thursday, January 24, 1895, Miss Caroline Miles to Mr. William Hill.

BORN.

January 4, 1895, a son, Edward Irving, to Gertrude Tinker Fulton, '88.

December 24, 1894, a son, Elmer Ellsworth Hägler, to Mrs. Kent Dunlap Hägler, '90.

DIED.

Among the passengers presumably lost in the wreck of the Elbe was Mr. Henry N. Castle, the husband of Mrs. Mabel Wing Castle, '87.

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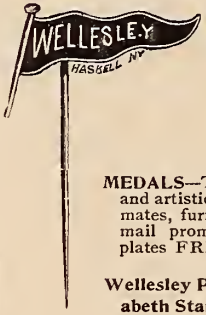

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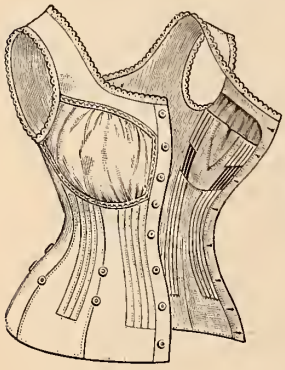

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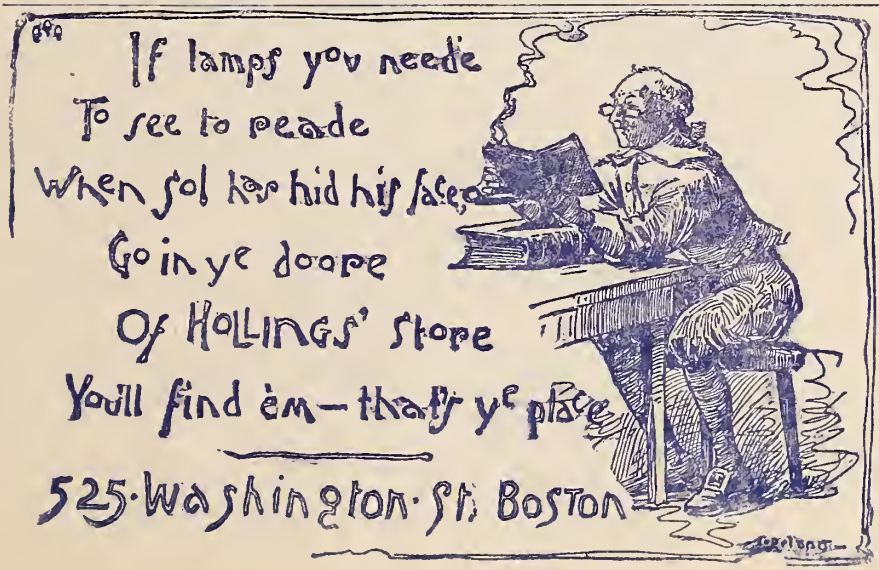

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